

### The Workman's Wooing.

I know that my hands may be hard and rough,  
That my cheeks may be worn and pale,  
But my heart is made of a good sound stuff;  
That will never falter nor fail;  
And though in the world I may mates I stand  
To share in the battle of life,  
I take thee, my girl, by the dainty hand,  
As my own, my sweet, bonny wife.

Though never a jewel wreath may span  
The curls on my beautiful brow,  
I'll pledge thee my heart and trust like a man,  
And love thee forever as now,  
And though the bright dreams of love's sunny  
prime  
Too often the future belie,  
The steep hills of life together we'll climb,  
And conquer our fate—thou and I.

My coat may be poor, my words may be few,  
Yet there's never an ermine King  
Can offer a Queen a present more true  
Than mine of a heart and a ring;  
That may link with which we may bind  
Our fortunes in one common bond,  
And rear us a home where hapless shrined  
May dwell with affection most fond.

What more would we seek? What more would  
we have?  
What more could fair nature bestow,  
If all her rich gifts we ventured to crave  
The richest that mortals may know?  
For aye, dearest girl, shall our wedded love  
Flash, star-like, atop of our life,  
And never will I a base traitor prove  
To my heart, my home, or my wife.

### THE WAGERS.

Some years ago I took my seat in the  
diligence from Marseilles to F—. The  
railway that now connects those cities  
was not contemplated.

There were five passengers in all. Of  
these one was a short, fat man, with  
smooth cheeks and a red face. Though  
plainly dressed, his clothes were very  
good; he had a great number of rings  
on his fingers, and across his waistcoat  
he wore a thick gold chain, which he was  
careful to let me see was attached to a  
handsome watch, on the back of which  
was a crest in jewels.

There was no doubt he was a rich  
man, and that I, at all events, might  
have no doubt of it, he informed me  
that his income exceeded fifty thousand  
francs a year, and that he bid fair to  
double it before five years were gone,  
so prosperous was his business.

I was partly amused and partly dis-  
gusted by his loquacity. Why he  
should have made a confidante of me in  
particular I don't know, unless it was  
that I happened to sit next to him.  
Among other bits of information he  
gave me to know that this was the first  
holiday he had indulged himself with  
for three years.

"Where do you get out?" I inquired.  
"At F—," said he.  
"But why do you go so far from Mar-  
seilles for a holiday?" I asked.

"Monsieur," he answered, "I am go-  
ing to get married."  
"The deuce!" I exclaimed, laughing;  
"and you call that taking a holiday?"

"Why," said he, "that would depend.  
If I were going to marry an ugly wo-  
man, now, I should call this four by an-  
other name. But, my friend, the lady  
I am engaged to is an angel; sir, she  
might have sat for one of Mahomet's  
houris. Her eyes—"

Here he went off into a long account  
of his mistress' perfections, decorating  
his fluent description with all manner  
of shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations.  
"You are a very fortunate man, sir,"  
said I, "and I wish you joy."

"Yes, you may wish the lady joy, too,  
and congratulate her as well; for, give  
me leave to say, it is not every woman  
who has the luck to meet with such a  
husband who unites to the splendors of  
wealth, the accomplishments of genius  
and the graces of courage." I smothered  
a laugh.

"So you have genius and courage as  
well as money?"  
He nodded vehemently.

"Without boasting," said he, "I think  
I may pride myself on being possessed  
of all the qualifications that recommend  
a man to the ladies."

"So long as they are sufficient to re-  
commend you to the lady of your choice  
you should be satisfied."  
"They should be sufficient," he re-  
plied, "and in my own mind I am per-  
suaded that they are sufficient; but,  
though the young lady is beautiful as an  
angel, I regret to say she is rather per-  
verse in her taste, so that for a long  
time I could hardly make any headway  
in her affections. Indeed, she was weak-  
minded enough to avow a preference  
for a cousin of hers, a young lieutenant  
—a beggar, sir, and a mighty impudent  
dog to boot. What she could see in  
him I could never tell. I'll allow that  
his nose is straight, his eyes good and  
his teeth white and regular, but what is  
the use of these things in a man without  
money?"

"To be sure," said I drowsily, for the  
day was warm, and the tendency to  
sleep was aggravated by my drooping  
companion.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," he  
continued, "and confess that I don't  
think she would ever have accepted me,  
had it not been for her father, who was  
a poor man, and is very eager to have  
me for a son-in-law, thinking I shall pay  
off his debts. I wish he may get it!  
I've allowed him to think anything he  
likes, for his thinking costs me nothing,  
and being anxious to wed the girl, who,  
I declare to you, is beautiful—"

And here he went off again into an-  
other long description, which he lib-  
erally garnished, as before, with shrugs  
and grimaces.

"Then you don't care about her love?"  
said I, dreamily.

"Not a fig," he answered—"not a fig.  
I only want her. At my time of life,  
sir, we know the hypocrisy of love—  
how easily it is counterfeited. I have a  
ring at home, with a paste stone in it.  
I declare to you, it flashes like a dia-  
mond, and is thought as costly as the  
best of the real stones I wear. So with  
love. The counterfeit passes for the real  
ninety-nine times in the hundred, and  
though I'll own I would rather have  
the real, if I can't get it I should be  
just as well satisfied with the sham."

He then branched off into some very  
eulogistic remarks on the nature of love,  
which, however, I am ashamed to say I  
do not remember, as I fell sound asleep  
very shortly after he had commenced them.

I was awakened by the diligence stop-  
ping at the Golden Lion inn, in the  
principal street of F—.

The fat, red-faced blabber, who it  
seems had been awake through the  
whole journey, and had been boring a  
middle-aged gentleman who sat op-  
posite him when he had found me  
asleep, got out, and I followed him.

He pulled out his watch, which  
sparkled most gorgeously as it took the

sun's rays, and exclaimed, turning to  
me—

"A quarter to four, sir. Half an hour  
after time."  
"I'll bet you that it is not," said a  
gentleman, with very fierce mustaches,  
who stood smoking a cigar before the  
door of the low-roofed apartment.

"I should know," retorted the little  
red-faced man, turning sharply upon  
him, "for this is one of Leroy's best  
watches. It cost two thousand francs."  
"I'll bet you ten louis that it is not  
one of Leroy's watches," said the mus-  
tached smoker, coolly.

The red-faced man shrugged his  
shoulders, and went into the traveler's  
room, saying to me—

"Don't dine here. We can do better  
at a cafe."

"I'll wager you the value of the watch  
that the watch is worth nothing, and if  
you win you will receive what you will  
not find it worth your while to take,"  
said the gentleman with the mustache,  
following us.

"I did not address my remarks to you,  
sir."

"I'll bet you that you did," said the  
other, with the most provoking cool-  
ness.

The little man, amazed by this per-  
secution, touched his forehead to signify  
that the gentleman with the mustache  
was mad.

"I'll bet you don't prove that I'm  
mad," said the other.

There was a pause. They looked  
like two dogs waiting to be slipped for  
a fight.

"Upon my word," said the red-faced  
man, "I know nothing of this fellow.  
He is a most impudent rascal, whoever  
he is; and I have a good mind to make  
him march off."

"I'll make you any bet you like you  
don't make me march off!" exclaimed  
the other, pulling his mustache, "and  
I'll further bet anything you like that I  
make you take the road back to Paris,  
and that, too, without any delay."

The little man, whose face was now a  
deep crimson with rage, blurted out:

"You won't find that a very easy  
matter, for I came here to get married."

"One hundred Napoleons you do not  
marry!"

"Sir, you are an impudent scound-  
rel, and I will pull your nose."

"I'll make you any bet you like you  
lie."

The little man stamped with rage.  
He glared around him for some mo-  
ments in silence, then exclaimed:

"Do you want me to shoot you?"

"I'll bet you don't shoot me!"

"Where can we procure pistols?" ex-  
claimed the red-faced man, breathing  
short.

"The landlord will accommodate us,"  
answered the other.

He hurried into the house, and re-  
appeared with a box containing a brace of  
pistols.

I had hitherto treated the affair as a  
joke, laughing in my sleeve at the red-  
faced man's rage, and the other's cool  
insolence. But I thought it was now  
time to interpose.

"Gentlemen—"

But the mustached man turned upon  
me with a frown.

"I believe this gentleman to be a  
coward, sir," said he, "and if you inter-  
fere, I shall conclude you are conspir-  
ing to prevent him from proving him-  
self a coward."

I said no more, but followed the two  
men to a lonely spot in the park, where  
the cigar hero was saluted by an officer  
of the garrison, who was willing to be-  
come his second.

Having loaded his pistols, we placed  
the men. It was agreed I should give  
the signal, which was to throw a five-  
franc piece in the air.

My position was a peculiarly disagree-  
able one. Up to the last moment I had  
believed that the whole business was  
only rather a cruel practical joke on  
the part of the man with the mustache,  
and as my curiosity was excited to fol-  
low this adventure to its conclusion, I  
had volunteered to be the red-faced  
man's second; but it seemed now that  
one or the other, or both, must be killed.

"Sir," said the man with the cigar,  
turning to me, "I believe Master  
Jacques to be an honest man, but  
though I can vouch for his wine, I can't  
vouch for his pistols. Before that gen-  
tleman and I make a target of one an-  
other, be so good as to throw that five-  
franc piece into the air, to see how my  
pistol carries."

I did as he desired, and tossed the  
money about seven yards high.

I heard the report of a pistol, and  
the piece of money fell indented.

"Bet," said the man with the mus-  
tache, "that I pierce that leaf vibrat-  
ing at the extremity of yonder bough."

And before the other could answer,  
the trigger was pulled and the leaf was  
pierced.

"Bet," continued the man, with the  
most ridiculous coolness, "that I shoot  
you clean through the pupil of the left  
eye, and lay you dead, and that you  
miss me."

The other was as white as a ghost.

"I believe you," he said, trembling  
from head to foot, and throwing his  
pistol down. "I guess your motives  
and admire your strategem, and, as I  
am not prepared to die, shall take the  
road back again to Marseilles."

In fact, we saw him deposit himself  
in the imperial of the diligence.

I turned to the mustached gentleman  
for an explanation. He invited me to  
take a glass of wine with him in the  
traveler's room, and with great good  
humor proceeded to solve the enigma.

He was a friend of the young lieuten-  
ant, and famous as the most deadly  
shot in France. He had received a let-  
ter the day before from his friend,  
begging him to come to F— and help  
him carry out a ruse which he trusted  
would enable him to marry the girl he  
was passionately in love with.

The mustached gentleman complied,  
left Paris, and reached F— in time to  
receive from his friend's lips particulars  
of the stratagem he and the young girl  
had concerted between them.

That stratagem was perfectly success-  
ful. The little red-faced man, as I  
afterward heard, on his reaching Mar-  
seilles, wrote to the father of his in-  
tended bride, apologizing for not hav-  
ing been able to keep his promise to go  
down to them. You may believe he  
took good care not to inform the father  
of the real cause that had prevented

him from paying his duties to his be-  
trothed.

The red-faced man, however, had no  
intention of breaking off his marriage,  
until he was accosted one morning in  
the streets of Marseilles by the mus-  
tached gentleman, who asked if he still  
persisted in his intentions to marry the  
young lady.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then," said the other, "if you want  
to reach her hand you will have to  
mount first on my dead body, and,  
secondly, on the dead body of the lieuten-  
ant. Are you prepared to scale  
these fortresses?"

"Certainly not."

"Then go home; write to the lady's  
father that circumstances compel you  
to abandon your promise to wed her. I  
shall know by the day after to-morrow  
if that letter has been written. If yes,  
I will be your friend, and help you, as I  
have helped the lieutenant, in any hon-  
orable love scheme you may choose to  
enter upon; if no, be prepared to meet  
me in the evening."

The letter was written, and six months  
after the young lady was married to the  
lieutenant.

### Personal.

MATILDA HERON is crazy.

MR. FORTUNE SNOW, of Tennessee, has  
a grandson 65 years old.

A SMART little girl defines dust as mud  
with the juice squeezed out.

SPOTTED TAIL is recommended as a  
radical author on dandruff.

U. S. GRANT, JR., is at school in Han-  
over, Germany.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says the man  
who invented croquet ought to be  
promptly buried at Westminster Ab-  
bey.

NO ACCOUNTING for tastes. Miss  
Everett, a wealthy and aristocratic  
young lady of Columbus, Ohio, has  
eloped with a worthless negro.

THIRTEEN negro patriots are running  
for Sheriff of DeCATUR county, Ga.

CAPT. WILLIAM HARDEMAN, of Newton  
county, Georgia, was shot dead a few  
nights since, while sitting on his door-  
step bathing his feet. Moral—Never  
wash your feet.

PROF. AGASSIZ truthfully remarks that  
"tribolites are not any more closely re-  
lated to the phyllopoets than to any  
other entomostraca, or to the isopods." We  
had arrived at the same conclusion.

A FESTIVE United States officer in-  
scribed the following in bold hiero-  
glyphics on a St. Louis hotel register:

"I'm C. H. Hoyt, of the U. S. A.,  
I feed my horse on oats and hay,  
I want a room for which I'll pay  
With the stamps I draw in the army."

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL, founder of the  
*Victoria Press*, and editor and proprietor  
of the *Victoria Magazine*, London, Eng-  
land, will arrive here in October for  
the purpose of becoming acquainted  
with movements on this side of the At-  
lantic. Miss Faithfull will give lectures  
and readings.

TIMOTHY HIXON and John Page, both  
veterans of the war of 1812, met recent-  
ly at Concordia, Kansas. Page fought  
at Landy's Lane under Gen. Scott, and  
Hixon in the same battle under the  
British General Brock, and each of these  
soldiers on this occasion claimed the  
victory for his own side.

SHAKESPEARE was married at 18; Dante,  
Franklin and Bulwer at 24; Kepler,  
Mozart and Walter Scott at 26; Wash-  
ington, Napoleon I and Byron at 27;  
Roxton, the first time at 30 and the  
second time at 34; Schiller and Weber  
at 31; Aristophanes at 36; Wellington  
at 37; Talma at 39; Luther at 42; Ad-  
dison at 44; Young at 47; Swift at 49;  
Buffon at 53, and Goethe at 57.

Determining a Mule's Age.

A Kentucky man was inquisitive  
about a mule's age. Another man said  
the mule was six years old, and this man  
said he knew it was fifteen; so, in order  
to be mathematically certain, he put  
his hand in the animal's mouth, and un-  
dertook to count its teeth with his fin-  
gers. About half a minute afterward  
the mule was seen by a bystander to  
hold on to a man's arm, while it frisked  
around and shook its head like a terrier,  
and endeavored to ascertain how many  
times in a minute it could move its  
hind legs backward, and reared and  
snorted and went on generally like mad.  
The doctor told the man, when he came  
to dress the band, that he could prob-  
ably save the thumb and part of the  
wrist-bone. And the man does not  
know how old the mule is yet.

Married Young.

In the Paris Court of Correctional  
Police recently, a lady, by no means  
young, advanced coquettishly to the  
witness-stand to give her testimony.

"What is your name?" "Virginie  
Loustatot."

"What is your age?" "Twenty-five."  
(Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.)

The lady's evidence being taken, she re-  
gained her place, still coquettishly brid-  
ling, and the next witness was intro-  
duced. This was a full-grown young  
man.

"Your name?" said the Judge.  
"Isadore Loustatot."

"Twenty-seven years." "Are you a  
relative of the last witness?" "I am  
her son."

"Ah, well," murmured the  
magistrate, "your mother must have  
married very young."

Deleterious Effects of Flowers.

The odors exhaled by flowers, leaves  
or fruits are productive of serious dis-  
orders in the human system, when con-  
fined in a limited space, and especially  
during the night in a closed chamber.  
Headache and faintness ensue, and even  
apoplexy, if their action is prolonged.  
In nervous persons, numbness, convul-  
sions, and loss of voice may occur; but  
the usual effect is a state of sleepiness,  
with feebleness and retardation of the  
action of the heart. The most deleterious  
flowers are the lily, hyacinth, narcis-  
sus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeys-  
uckle, jessamine and violet. Mjerdie  
cites a case of death caused by a bou-  
quet of lilies which the sufferer, a  
healthy woman, had slept with in her  
bed-room. The walnut, the bay-tree  
and hemp are the most dangerous of  
ordinary plants in this respect.

### Extraordinary Suicide.—A Strange Life and its Strange Ending.

In 1861, there lived in Bangor, Me.,  
a physician named William H. Jewett,  
a well-educated and intelligent man,  
who enjoyed a good practice. An ardent  
Democrat, he shared the persecutions  
which at that time were bestowed upon  
those of his political faith, until in dis-  
gust he abandoned his practice, packed  
up his effects and left the place. After  
some wanderings he settled at North  
Haven, one of the Fox Islands in Pen-  
obscott Bay, where he occupied a house  
alone. He held little intercourse with  
the people of the place generally, seem-  
ing to brood over the injustice which  
had exiled him from his home. With a  
few, however, generally young men,  
he formed acquaintances, and charmed  
them with the extent and variety of his  
information and his flow of conversa-  
tion. He practiced medicine to a con-  
siderable extent, and was known as a  
skillful, though eccentric physician. But  
to the world generally he was cold and  
reticent, living in a house entirely  
alone, and preparing himself his simple  
meals. During a few months he fell  
ill, and during that time two young  
women had gone daily to his house to  
do the work and look after his comfort.

Last week the editor of this paper,  
who had known Dr. Jewett only as a  
subscriber, received from him the fol-  
lowing letter:

NORTH HAVEN, Aug. 13, 1872.

William H. Jewett:

DEAR SIR:—If you will send me the author  
or the father-in-law to the article in your  
*Journal* of June 29, 1872, first column,  
"Handling and Deceit of Farm Stock," I  
will make him (you) indorsing him as the  
real, identical author, or as the man who  
at heart entertains such feelings. I will  
devise to him the amount that will enable  
him to carry his humane, holy, and I hope  
heavenly purposes to some notable results,  
if he needs such help. I think my earthly  
career is nearly ended. I think that with-  
in ten or twelve days I shall pass the river.  
Let him come soon. I am indebted to the  
*Journal* about three-fourths of a year. If  
he comes, send your bill if you please. And  
please forward the inclosed letter as directed.  
Please write me. Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM H. JEWETT.

The article referred to is one showing  
the advantages of treating animals  
kindly rather than harshly. The letter  
inclosed was addressed to the Secretary  
of the New York Society for the Pro-  
tection of Cruelty to Animals, and was  
written as requested. A reply to this  
letter was mailed on the 17th, stating  
that the real author of the article was  
unknown—that it had been copied  
from an agricultural publication not re-  
membered. Before that letter reached  
its destination the hand that it sought  
was cold in death. Dr. Jewett had died  
by one of the strangest suicides ever re-  
corded in the history of self-destruction.

On the morning of the 19th, six days  
after the date of the above letter, he  
sent one young woman for two quarts  
of spirits of turpentine, which was  
brought to him. All night he told his  
attendants that they need not call as  
early as usual, or not until about eight  
o'clock. What transpired in his room  
during that long night no mortal knows,  
but just before the arrival of the turpen-  
tine, his attendants a cry of fire was  
raised and smoke and flame were dis-  
covered issuing from the house. The  
persons who rushed to the spot found  
the doors fastened on the inside. They  
were burst in. Those who first entered  
beheld an appalling sight. Stretched  
upon his bed, with no garment but his  
shirt, lay the Doctor with the great ar-  
tery of his leg severed. The blood  
flooded the bed and fell in streams to  
the floor, mingled with turpentine which  
had been previously poured over the  
bed and floor. The back portion of the  
room was a mass of flame. Strong arms  
seized the bed and bore the unconscious  
man to the open air. They laid him by  
the roadside, and stood around his bed,  
knowing that no human aid could avail.  
The red streams of his life blood con-  
tinued to pour out, a few struggling  
gaspings, and the poor recluse had laid  
down forever the burden of his sorrows.  
Kind hands closed his eyes and com-  
posed his limbs. And those unused to  
weep found tears upon their cheeks as  
they thought of his silent, solitary,  
cheerless hermit life, and his strangely  
mysterious death. It remains for us  
only to say that the house and all its  
contents were burned, although his de-  
sign of being consumed with it was  
frustrated.—*Belfast (Me.) Journal*.

### Marrying French Noblemen.

In a Paris letter we find a few hints  
which will not be very pleasant to  
young American ladies who go abroad,  
if not with the intention to hunt, at  
least to accept a French nobleman,  
should one offer himself. By the  
writer it is laid down as a pretty sure  
rule that "Frenchmen who sigh at the  
feet of American heiresses are the re-  
fuge of the domestic market; for French  
mothers are noted for being good match-  
makers, where their daughters are con-  
cerned, and secure the desirable sons-  
in-law for themselves. There is a set  
of marrying young Frenchmen in Paris,  
who have more debts than money,  
and more title than honor, who have  
been known to go so far in their hunt  
after a rich wife that they have had  
spies posted at different pensions to  
watch for American families with mar-  
riageable daughters. And a case has  
lately been disclosed, to be settled by  
law, in which the lover had agreed  
with the *maîtresse de pension*, to secure  
the assistance of that convenient per-  
son, to pay a certain percentage on his  
wife's fortune. After the marriage the  
husband was disposed to forget his  
promise, but was reminded by law to  
keep it. All of which must have been  
very pleasant to the wife.

### A Negro's Argument.

An old negro named Pete was very  
much troubled about his sins. Per-  
ceiving him one day with a very d'wn-  
cast look, his master asked him the  
cause. "Oh! massa, I'm such a great  
sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master,  
"you are foolish to take it so much to  
heart. You never see me troubled about  
my sins." "I know de reason, massa,"  
said Pete; "when you go out duck  
shooting, and kill one duck and wound  
another, don't you run after de wound-  
ed duck?" "Yes, Pete," and the mas-  
ter wondered what was coming next.  
"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you  
and me. De debil has got you sure; but,  
as he am not sure of me, he chases dis  
chile all de time."

### A Story About Senator Alcorn.

One of the carrier-boys, annoyed  
each morning by a dirty, snarling dog  
on his route, bought a half interest in  
the brute and then shot his half. This  
reminds us of Senator Alcorn's invest-  
ment in a Methodist or Presbyterian  
church in the days of his early man-  
hood. One-third of the costs of the  
church was borne by Alcorn. His  
father and mother then lived with Al-  
corn, and they were Baptists. A Bat-  
tist preacher came along and spent a  
day at Alcorn's hospitable home. The  
pulpit of the neighboring church was  
unoccupied on Sunday, and Alcorn, to  
gratify his parents, induced the preach-  
er to agree to fill it. Alcorn advertised  
the fact. At ten o'clock Sunday  
morning the other people (Methodists  
or Presbyterians), who held the church,  
met and declared that no Baptist  
should enter their pulpit. It was  
against the rules of these Christians.  
Alcorn, with his Baptist brother, came  
blundering in, with most of the peo-  
ple of the vicinity, white and black, a  
great concourse. He was informed of  
the decree of the church people ex-  
cluding his Baptist preacher. Alcorn  
grew ashy—an ashen palor overspread  
his face and his black eyes blazed de-  
moniacally. He rose to his feet and  
said:

"Gentlemen, I would like for some  
one of you to tell me how much of the  
whole original cost of this edifice was  
paid by me."

An aged brother announced that the  
"Kernel had paid one-third of the  
whole, but the majority rules."

"Then," said Alcorn, "though I am  
not much of a secessionist, I'll prac-  
tice the doctrine just now."

He sent for the negro men on his  
plantation hard by for a cross-cut saw  
and wagons and teams. He proceeded,  
to the amazement of the multitude,  
to measure the wooden building, and,  
marking off one-third of the whole  
structure, he had it sawed out and  
hailed away. In unutterable amaze-  
ment, and in absolute horror and dis-  
may, the queer old deacons and class-  
leaders, and good old country people,  
contemplated this fearful Sunday's de-  
vils work.

The ruins of the old church edifice,  
with one of its corners sawed out, still  
stand not far from the banks of the  
Mississippi, and people passing by point  
it out as the first illustration of the  
youthful devil-may-care spirit of the  
Memphis Senator from Mississippi.—  
*Memphis Appeal*.

### Anecdote of Horace Greeley.

The following old story of Mr. Greeley  
has been revived: "It seems that the  
sage attended the Minnesota State Fair,  
and was presented with a heavy ripe  
prize tomato, weighing three pounds,  
which he wrapped in his red silk hand-  
kerchief, and placed it in his coat-tail  
pocket. He then walked around for a  
while, sitting on various benches, and  
then riding in a lumber wagon up town.  
When he got to the hotel the crowd  
called upon him for a speech. He went  
on the porch and felt for his handker-  
chief to wipe his brow. When he had  
inserted his hand in his pocket a  
thought seemed to strike him. He  
grew red in the face; he looked mad;  
he turned away and went to his room,  
to think up some suitable language in  
which to express his feelings."

### The Troubles in Berlin.

A new employment for the Chief of  
Police in Berlin is to find houses for  
the working classes. His first attempt  
was to issue "requisitions" for a large  
number of wagons, which were trans-  
ferred into rude dwellings for the home-  
less. But this was not sufficient; there  
still remained thousands of families  
exposed to the inclemencies of the  
weather without shelter. The Govern-  
ment, even aided by the military au-  
thorities, are unable to cope with the  
situation, and the wealthier classes fear  
excesses. Already marauders infest  
Pomerania in bands, rob the farmers  
and carry away children in order to  
subsequently obtain ransoms for them.

### The Philosopher's Stone Found at Last.

Manufacturing gold in San Francisco  
is a good deal like carrying coals to  
Newcastle. There is a man in that city  
who virtually claims to have discovered  
the philosopher's stone, or the art of  
transmuting the baser metals into gold.  
It is declared the product of his art has  
been successfully tested by the mint as-  
sayers and pronounced the genuine  
article. With proper facilities he says  
he can manufacture gold by the ton,  
and produce a sufficient quantity in a  
few weeks to freight a ship. We do  
not observe in the meantime that the  
discovery has as yet had any perceptible  
effect in bearing the article